

CORE WRITES

CREATIVE WRITING GROUP: 19/8/2020



WARM-UP

- The Earth quakes beneath my feet
- It's a con that I'm fine
- A drawing of a mask suspended in space
- The solar systems collide with cosmic catastrophe
- I'm confined to this place
- Not real enough to exist; unable to fit my space

By Cat, Mandy, & Winston (29/7/2020)

TASK: Pick any line and write a poem using it in the title or body of the piece.



AFTER SUN

- There's a wonderful word you may or may not know called **Petrichor**. It refers to the pleasant smell of the rain after a particularly dry spell. Just as we've had very recently.
- It comes from the Greek for rock, "petra", and īchōr - the fluid that flows in the veins of the Gods in Greek Mythology
- **TASK: write a piece of descriptive prose or a poem as an ode to petrichor...tell us about the times you enjoy the rain. If you never do, then make it up!**



Elements

- What element represents how you are today? (earth, fire, water, air...)
- Be quick – don't think too hard about your choice!
- **TASK: tell us about your element and how it relates to how you feel today. If you don't want it to be personal, feel free to make it up.**



Nayirrah Waheed

**even if you are a small forest surviving off of
moon alone.**

your light is extraordinary.

- reminder.

TASK: Have a go at writing a short poem of 3-5 lines that captures a feeling or image or message. If you're stuck think of the last strong feeling you had and see if you can match it up with an image to capture in this short piece.



ELLEN BASS

'THE THING IS'

- to love life, to love it even
when you have no stomach for it
and everything you've held dear
crumbles like burnt paper in your hands,
your throat filled with the silt of it.
When grief sits with you, its tropical heat
thickening the air, heavy as water
more fit for gills than lungs;
when grief weights you like your own flesh
only more of it, an obesity of grief,
you think, How can a body withstand this?
Then you hold life like a face
between your palms, a plain face,
no charming smile, no violet eyes,
and you say, yes, I will take you
I will love you, again.

